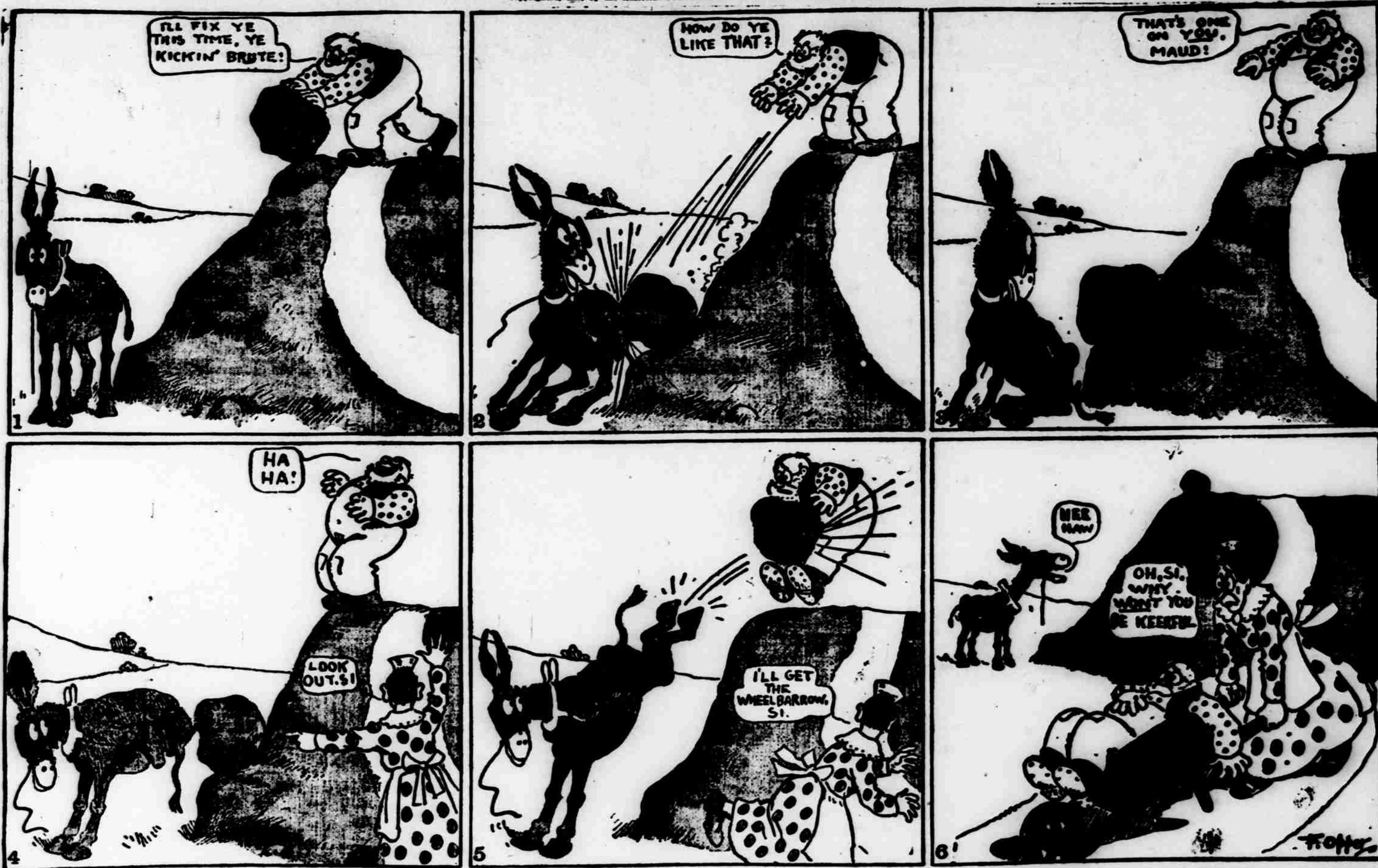


AND HER NAME WAS MAUDI!

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COMPLIMENTS ONE MIGHT IMPROVE ON.



Mrs. Mudge: "I do admire the women you draw, Mr. Penink. They're so beautiful and so refined. Tell me, who is your model?"
 Penink: "Oh, my wife always sits for me."
 Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise): "You don't say so? Well, I think you're one of the cleverest men I know."
 (Mrs. Mudge rises in Mrs. Penink's opinion.)
 (Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.)

Cool.
 "Hi, there! That don't posted."
 "To am I?" replied the fisherman. "I know more about fish in a minute than you do in a mile."
 It's refreshing to read in the dispatches about captains of ocean steamships sighting icebergs coming south. We'll soon need a million of 'em in our business—Atlanta Constitution.

TWO OF A KIND.



Tell me, my boy, who is like to drive me to Broadway?—
 "I shouldn't say."

SNOWFLAKE PHILOSOPHY.
 You no doubt dislike many worthy people; your dislikes are probably very unreliable.
 There is a right way and a wrong way about most things, and they don't look any more alike than white and black.
 There is an exception to the rule that women can't run; a woman can run just as fast as anybody when she hears her baby cry.

A Society Has Been Formed.
 "The Worms." It is a man is afraid of anybody, he is a worm. Your name is on the list in red ink.—Athletic (Kas) Globe.

Storing Up How "Steady."
 "The my engagement ring" said the girl to her friend, who is a small up-river town.
 "You," replied the one addressed.
 "Know where it came from?" continued the proud engaged one, as she held the precious thing up in the sunlight.
 "Well," replied the other, with her name slightly elevated, "I know it must have come from the city; there are no beautiful jewelry stores in this town!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Good Housewife's Transmutation.
 The Man in the Moon explained.
 "They said me this place as a lovely suburban home, only thirty minutes from town," he murmured.
 With a wistful glance at Earth he hastened for a purchaser on whom to unload.—New York Sun.

A Pleasant Day Followed.
 A mad author says: "I don't care about this thing of going down to Broadway." What I'm anxious about is to have from "going down" right now. I prefer most now to monuments hereafter!—Atlanta Constitution.

The Good Thing.
 His father was a printer.
 So when his wife would have
 He used to sign about the "p"
 His father used to make.—Boston Advertiser.

The Hears of Little Bobbie.
 Dentists is men that put you in a chair and make you squeal if you ain't pretty gamin. I am calm because I never squealed once when the dentist was poking a iron in my jaw but I wanted to squeal then, when you go to a dentist he will say Well, what can I do for you and you say My tooth is aking and he will say That is too bad, git in this chair and we will see what we can do, then he talks a iron that is awful sharp and he puts it on the edge of the hole in yure tooth and it slips off sometimes and goes away into yure jaw and he says Oh I beg yure pardon, my nerves are bad this morning, then he looks around in yure mouth and says Dear me, there is quite a lot of work needs to be done on yure teeth, see here is a cavity and here is another and here is five more, then he says I will go ahead and fix yure teeth up and make it reasonable, & he does it and then when he sends you the bill you faint nearly.

Dentists make false teeth too, my Ma has false teeth & they are always nice and white, Pa says they ought to be when they cost him a month's salary nearly. But I think dentists are much more on the square than doctors.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Unfair Empire.
 In discussing a certain unfair decision, Governor Bell of Vermont said:
 "It is a case of might making right. It reminds me of one of my boyhood's baseball games."

"In this game the umpire was a young blacksmith, a Hercules of a young blacksmith. He came, along with the opposition team, from the opposition town next to ours, and in his decisions he was most unfair."

"In the third inning I went to the bat. I sent a high fly to center field. The center fielder got under the fly, but after striking his hands it bounced off and rolled to the grass."

"Out!" shouted the umpire.
 "Out?" cried, "Bill Harris, you lie!"
 "I know I do, my lad," said the umpire, calmly, "but out you go all the same!"—Buffalo Enquirer.

Complete Success.
 Assum: "You don't seem to have made a very satisfactory impression on Borem."
 Wase: "I tried very hard to do so."
 Assum: "He told me you didn't impress him as a man he would care to associate with very much."

Wase: "Good! that's just the impression I endeavored to make!"—Philadelphia Press.

A True Medium.
 Spiritualistic Medium: "Madam, your husband instructs me to tell you that he has been in heaven ever since you parted from him."
 Weeping Widow: "Oh, then I know it must be he—it is himself talking to me! Always in life he lied to me about where he'd been!"—Washington Post.

His Trouble.
 Miss Good: "And what brought you here?"
 Mr. Currier: "My automobile."

Tommy Figma.
 Tommy Figma (on his first trip to New York Harbor): "Law, what are those big boats out there?"
 Paw Figma: "Those are the Standard Oil Company's vessels outward bound for Europe."

Tommy Figma: "Say, paw, is a trip like that what the Bible meant by speaking of 'a cruise of oil'?"—Baltimore American.

Unpleasant Man.
 Toss: "The was vaccinated the other day, I hear?"
 Jess: "Yes, but she's awfully disappointed about it."
 Toss: "What's the matter? Didn't it take?"
 Jess: "Oh, yes, but the stupid doctor neglected to say anything complimentary about her pretty arm."—Philadelphia Press.

More Volubility.
 "Eld hearts are more than comets." The poet said, and yet Eld hearts won't pay for food, but you could keep a comet.

On One Question.
 Miss Younger: "Is it true, doctor, that eating cucumbers will remove freckles?"
 Doctor Elder: "Of course."
 Miss Younger: "Really?"
 Doctor Elder: "Of course, if the freckles are on the cucumbers."—Philadelphia Press.

Looking Forward.
 By some future railway gates The records will all be broken, He'll invent a new machine, And discover small-lens smoke.

—Washington Post.

Thought From Niagara.
 John Jacob Astor, at a dinner in Philadelphia, talked about Niagara.
 "Every one who goes to Niagara," he said, "hears some absurd, ridiculous and inapt remarks there. You stand and gaze at the falls, profoundly moved, unexpressed, and then, all of a sudden, something fatuous is said, and the effect of all that grandeur is dissipated forever."

"Who, since the falls were discovered, has been allowed in peace to drink in their superb beauty? Not I, for one."

"The day I first saw Niagara a man touched my arm as I looked up at those white waters. I turned to the man. He had the silly and vacuous smile of the confirmed joker."

"It seems a shame," he said, "to see all this going to waste."
 "What are you?" said I, an electrical engineer?
 "No," he answered, "a millman."—San Antonio Express.

Finagle's Finagle.
 The man who did the chronic suspicion has the widdy's cruce as he late a mile while at comes 't' ha-apin' up a constant supply av somethin' out av nothin'.

When some min come t' collect their thoughts they find they have mighty few outstanding accounts.
 Most min wait till they think they've somebody lookin' before they begin t' play-ey injured innocence.—Washington Post.

On His Dignity.
 Admiral Yates Stirling, U. S. N., now commanding the Asiatic Squadron, when First Lieutenant of one of the smaller vessels, was taking her, with some difficulty, into a small harbor on the New England Coast.

"A typical old 'down East lobster man, in a leaky old dory piled high with traps, managed to interfere with the ship's progress, whereat Lieutenant Stirling leaped over the side and gave him the benefit of some choice deep-sea language."

"And who are you?" inquired the lobster man, leisurely resting on his oars.
 "Who am I?" answered the Lieutenant.
 "I'm the first officer of this ship."

"Well, go get your skipper, then," replied the ancient mariner, with dignity. "I don't argue with nobody but my equal, an' I'm cap'n o' this!"—Boston Herald.

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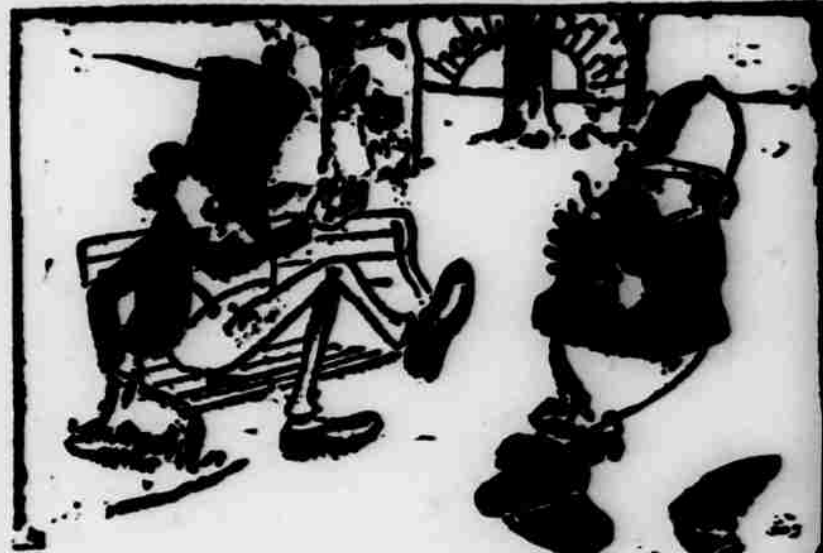
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LOOKED LIKE PIER.



The Cop: "Did I see you pick up some pie from a push vendor and drop it?"
 The Tramp: "Don't you mind me, cop. Day turned out to be a desperate pie night."

The Hanged Man.
 A fox that earned a lovely tall began to feed his furs full. He began to feed his furs full. He would end in death and his disgrace. So he took counsel wisely and remarked: "Since there is such demand for this nice brush of mine that I can find no comfort 'neath the sky, I'll amputate the same and send it to the hunting gang that spend such trouble in its vain pursuit. The act will bear a pleasant fruit. For my amputations will cease. And I shall then enjoy some peace."

The which he did; but, bitter chum! The hunters chased him just the same. He didn't understand, the beast. The labor's nearly all the best! That life's rewards per day are small. But their pursuit is all in all.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Improbability's Ideal.
 "My boy," said the publisher as the author approached with a bundle of manuscript, "don't take up my time unless you have something new and wildly improbable."

What's the Matter with Him?
 James: "Chatterton looks all right."
 Jillson: "He's trying to figure out a scheme for making money without working."—Detroit Free Press.

A GIG OFFER.



"I do not make this offer lightly, Conventina. You give it your weight of thinking it may be the greatest chance of your life."—Gump.